

De La Soul Lyrics

"Lord Intended"

(feat. Justin Hawkins)

- Here come the mic dude, so just walk
Hey guys I got your mics
- About time
- What up man?
Who's mic one?
- That's me
And mic two?
- Thanks
- Let's go
Let me get this door for you
Good luck guys

One two, one two
(Hey) Yo Mase, you ready?
Mase is ready!
Yo y'all ready
Yeah they ready
We bout to burn this shit down

Yo, there's a fire in the kitchen, it's like nine cooks
The Kool-Aid got spiked with porcupines, look
Rode into Rigo, this ain't a fast track
Your tickets ain't straight, TSA your ass back
NASDAQ, IBM, the big honcho on the block
Bitch, I be him
The rock mega death, we gonna kill the Kane
Fuck everyone, bitch, bring everything
Swing like a mandolin, this ain't a sex toy
This ain't spanish fly, this hot shit
Push the dagger in the devil's eye
Slick Rick, yo, get the big dick, yo
Blow the dust covers, pick the age on it
A nose full, sniff a Rose Bowl full
New game, new players, new year
The hardest rock shit you gon' hear

You can save your soul
If we are no more
Suffer the consequences
We are the way the Lord intended

Her ass, she got it from her momma
Tits from the doctor
Fingers fiddelin' the puss
She looks like an Octa
Fresh off the pole, hanging from her hook

I'm in her Grassy Knoll to hit
Just to say that I cocked her (click, click)
My hardware is progressive
My sex crime language is leaning on obsessive
The Lord looking down, judging, the room needs smudging
But I'm over your stars screaming the moon ain't budging
Ain't from Hollis, don't need to tell you who is
But who it here raise hell, they be like "you kid"
I'm ambidextrous, liken to Dexter
Lyrical blood splatter over the texture
We live by that code, not to regret living
Electric guitar sparks and ignites gun powder
A sabbath ain't black enough to call my bluff, bitch
The killswitch just turns it louder

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Fuck everyone
Burn everything
Leaving an impression not just a dented legacy
Fuck everyone
Burn everything you see
*[Not just clinging to the planet powerless to avoid
That cataclysmic impact of a massive asteroid
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Fuck everyone, burn everything]*
Never to surrender to the cosmic schadenfreude of only
Meeting your creator on the day you are destroyed
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Just as the Lord intended
(Just as the Lord intended)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Burn everything
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Burn everything
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)